

Storm Country

Polly

by Grace Miller White

against the woodbox; and Nannie Lamb poked her head up and blinked at the light. Polly put down the candle and slipped the dress from her shoulder. How dreadfully it hurt her! Oh, how she wanted something to make her misery less! But squatters did not have money to spend on drug-store remedies.

From an old can she poured a little oil on a rag and bathed the injured flesh. Then she took up the lamb and dropped it on the chair by the table. In sheer exhaustion her head sank down upon it. After a while she straightened up, threw back her curls, and raised the lamb's face to hers, a very smile flitting across her lips.

"It's goin' to be a hard job lovin' Oscar and Old Marc like Jesus loved wicked folk, Nannyop," she said under her breath, "but maybe now I been face to face with an angel, I can do it."

Again her head fell forward; but almost instantly she arose, and with the lamb in her right arm like a baby, moved to the side of the bed. Then she snuggled the lamb under the blankets and put Granny Hope's Bible beneath her pillow. Carefully she slipped off her clothes and put on a coarse nightgown. Then, having snuffed the candle, she crawled in beside the lamb.

CHAPTER VI.

Twice had the golden sun sunk in a welter of splendid colors behind West hill, and twice had the warmth of his rising scattered the mists from the lakeside since the encounter in the boat, and Polly Hopkins was making ready for her daily walk through the Silent City.

It was her custom to go among the squatters and give them courage, to tell them that they had a right to their homes, to food, and warmth. How her girl's heart ached for their dumb misery! Surely the squatters had suffered in the past year! Many a boy had been taken from his home and sent to France, and many a mother had crept about the settlement with grief-worn face, waiting for news from over the sea.

Polly understood what war meant. The squatters were always at war! Granny Hope had explained to her that, whenever people fought and were cruel to one another, that was war. Hadn't she warred but two nights ago with Oscar Bennett?

She had not seen him since, and the pain and humiliation he had dealt her had been tightened by Granny Hope's assurances that love was the leveler of hate. So Polly, having quantities of love and sympathy to spare, sent it broadcast over the hopeless ones in the settlement and promptly put Oscar Bennett's cruelty out of her mind. She did not even remember sometimes how much the milk Oscar had begrudgingly given her was mixed in the shack. To offset that deprivation, she was free from him and the ugly quarrels she had had to settle almost daily between him and Evelyn.

This morning, while Daddy Hopkins was in the shack, Polly started out with her many loves for a walk. On her shoulder perched Nannyop, at her side, in stately dignity, stalked the silly goat, and tied to one of her arms by a small rope gambled Nannie Lamb Hopkins.

Through the Silent City she wandered, helping people here and there to see the sunny side of things. Beyond the row of shacks was the fence Marcus MacKenzie had erected to

CHAPTER VII.

To describe Oscar Bennett's rage when he left the two girls in Granny Hope's shack would indeed be a task. Of late Evelyn had ceased to attract him. In the excitement of the courtship he had put his best foot forward, and for a time after the marriage he had found a great satisfaction in the thought that she was his. When the glamour of their secret honeymoon-time had worn off, and the farmer's trade, cruel nature had been disclosed, Evelyn's mad infatuation had disappeared in terror-stricken horror.

As Evelyn was finding in Marcus MacKenzie a mate more to her taste, Bennett's primitive passions had turned into a sudden flame for Polly Hopkins. The squatter girl's scorn of him, her drawing of him, only made him desire her the more.

A couple of days after the night scene with the girls he left his home and took his way to the lake. He crossed his fender lot and plunged into the MacKenzie forest which lay between the railroad tracks and the water. In his pocket he had a letter for Evelyn. He intended to kill two birds with one stone. If he could find Polly Hopkins alone, he would tell her the decision he had come to and give her the note to deliver.

Oscar did not relish entering the Silent City by the highway. The squatters hated him as much as he did them, more, in all probability; and it was his habit to give the settlement a wide berth. If he discovered any of them on his land, with the exception of Polly Hopkins, he drove them away furiously. Oscar was one of those who would rather have produced rot on his land than give it to the needy.

Before vaulting the MacKenzie fence, the sound of people talking on the other side halted him. Pollyop's voice came distinctly to him, and another voice, a man's, answered her. The deep well-bred tones Bennett was sure did not belong to a squatter. He listened carefully to pick up the import of the conversation. The bass voice mumbled something about a



"What do you want?" she asked suddenly, frowning at him.

In response, the squatter girl's tone fell upon his ear: "Some day you'll be the biggest and most beautiful daisy in the world." Then followed the rush of departing hoofs.

Jealousy tore at the eavesdropper. It did not take him long to get to the top of the fence.

Some sound he made brought the squatter girl's head around sharply from her survey of the picture.

"What do you want?" she asked solemnly, frowning at him.

Oscar jumped to the ground.

"I come down to see you, Pollyop," he rejoined, coming forward. "Who were you talking to?"

The only safe way to get along with the farmer, Polly had concluded, was to have nothing to do with him.

"Leave me be, Oscar Bennett!" she shrieked. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I'm goin' home."

To cut off her retreat, Oscar needed to take but a couple of strides, and he promptly took them.

"Jenny crickets!" he expostulated. "Don't be so confounded short, Pollyop! You needn't be mad because I swatted you one. You ain't my woman yet, but you're going to be just as soon as I can get shut of my lady Robertson."

Observing no signs of softening in the girl's face, he switched his attack. "Say, where'd you get that lamb?"

This query unfolded new terrors for Polly. She had not thought of the lamb belonging to anyone but herself. Had she not found him lying in the water and loved and fed him ever since? She looked first at the man, then down at the lamb.

"He's mine, Oscar," she hesitated. "I've had him two hull days now."

Oscar laughed.

"A likely story!" he jeered. "How long since squatters raised sheep? Where'd you get him?"

"Found him," she answered, putting her hand on the little animal.

"Then he isn't yours," he retorted, "and he can't be anybody's but mine. I thought I was missing some lamb." Polly's eyes filled with alarm. She was trying to frame an argument in favor of herself and the creature she loved.

"When you find a thing dyin' in a creek, Oscar," she faltered at length.

(Continued Next Week)

JURY SAYS ACCIDENT WAS UNAVOIDABLE

A coroner's inquest was held at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the railroad station at Thompson over the body of Mrs. David Meyer who was killed by Wabash train No. 50 Monday morning. The verdict of the jury follows:

"We the jury find that Mrs. David Meyer came to her death by being struck by Wabash train No. 50, engine 604 about 100 feet east of the road crossing at Thompson, Mo. This accident was unavoidable and we hold no one responsible."

The verdict was signed by the members of the jury who were: Wheeler Gant, Robert Davis, Cy Barnes, F. E. Cable, W. H. Harrelson and J. A. Childer.

Mr. Meyer, Ed Crawford and L. M. Smith who were behind Mrs. Meyer when she was struck testified that they called to her as she ran past them with the mail telling her that she could not make it. Jewell Null, who was standing on the other side of the train said that he called to Mrs. Meyer and motioned her to go back.

The witnesses were: F. L. Sowers, the conductor; W. H. Maupin, brakeman; C. H. Nelson, engineer; Roy Kirk, fireman; W. A. Sullivan yard detective, who was on the train; Ed Crawford, L. M. Smith, Henry Harvey, Chuck Moseley, Clinton Gbler and Louis Gbler.

Funeral services were held at Salt River Church at 4 o'clock.

GANT ITEMS.

Needling rain. The chinch bugs are getting awful bad again around here. John Scholl and family went to Grandview to a basket dinner Sunday.

Gant is to have a new Switchboard in the near future. They have collected the money for the new one.

Will Wilmet and wife John, Schief and wife motored down to Willie Edwards Sunday evening.

Mrs. John McCarty is getting along real well now. Can be propped up in bed a little.

Quite a number are planting Soy Beans with their corn and many acres of cane have been planted.

Mrs. Frank Winan is staying a few days with her sister Mrs. John McCarty. Mrs. Allen Duffy stayed with them last week. She is keeping the baby, J. D., with her this week.

Jim Beatty's went to Central Sunday along with Mildred and wife and Jim Cox and family. They were having a family reunion at Brish Daniels.

E. F. Denham has moved his saw mill down to Reed Burke to saw some for him. His father, Parker Denham will help him.

E. F. Denham and wife and L. R. Brown and wife and L. R. Brown and wife were at N. W. Williams Sunday. Anna Made-Duff came up in the afternoon.

The Salt River Bridge has been condemned and no passing over it allowed. Hope they put in a new one right away.

Mrs. Clyde Wilson had between 60 and 75 gallons of May cherries. She only sold 10 gallons at 40 cents per gallon.

Jason Plynt and family were at Henry Wilmet's Sunday. Mrs. Wilmet's arm is getting along nicely. She broke her arm when a horse ran away hitched to a cart.

George Woolery and wife, Leo Woodward and family were all at Jim Woolery's Sunday.

The Sims were all invited to Hally Brown's Sunday to be with Emmitt and wife, who were here from Moberly.

FARMERS EXCHANGE

RATES—10 cents a line an insertion. A line consists of 5 words. (Minimum charge for ads in this column 50c.)

WANTED—Girl or woman. Must know how to cook. Inquire at 1014 S. Clark Ave. dw1

Everyone is welcome at the ICE CREAM supper at UNION church Saturday night.

FOR SALE—Grass fed CATTLE, 10 miles northeast of Mexico. J. H. WHITSON, R. F. D. 1, Rush Hill, Mo. w1t p

FOR RENT—60 acre MEADOW. J. H. WHITSON, R. F. D. 1, Rush Hill, Mo. w1t p

There will be an ICE CREAM supper at MIDWAY church Saturday night, June 17th. w1t p Advertisement

FOR SALE—Six room house; four lots, fruit, near school, best condition. Possession at once. MRS. W. H. JOHNSON, 1026 W. Emmons Street. w1t p

Andrain Hospital Notes.

Mrs. Thos. Edelman of Vandalla and Stanley Wilson of Moine were admitted Friday.

Wm. T. Piper who was taken to the hospital early Friday morning due to being kicked with a horse, is in a critical condition.

Jesse Harvey was admitted for treatment due to having his fingers crushed at the brick plant.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson have gone to San Francisco on an extended visit. They may visit Honolulu before returning home.

COMING TO MEXICO, MO.

The Physician on Chronic Diseases Will Visit Our City.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

Aid Will Be at the Alamo Hotel From 12 to 7 p. m. One Day ONLY.

Dr. Potter of 3108 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo., who has treated thousands of patients with electricity and medicine, will give consultation, examination and all the medicines necessary FREE. All parties taking advantage of this offer are requested to state to their friends the result of the treatment.

Treats DEAFNESS by an entirely new process.

Treats catarrh, throat and lung diseases, eye and stomach, liver and kidneys, gravel, rheumatism, paralysis, neuritis, nervous and heart disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease, diseases of the bladder, blood skin, cancer, stammering and asthma.

Free and complete without detention from business.

If you are improving under your family physician don't take up valuable time. The rich and the poor are treated alike. Ede's and curiosity seekers will please stay away. Our time is valuable.

Remember, NOT A PENNY will be charged for the medicine required to all those taking treatment this trip. Office hours 12 a. m.

Positively married ladies must be accompanied by their husbands. Remember the date, Wednesday, June 21st at the Alamo Hotel from 12 noon to 7 p. m., Mexico, Mo. d1 w1t Advertisement

MRS. R. M. WHITE ELECTED STATE REGENT OF D. A. C. IN ST. LOUIS

At the meeting last week in St. Louis of the Daughters of American Colonists Mrs. R. M. White was the only officer elected who lives outside St. Louis. The officers are: State Regent, Mrs. R. M. White, Mexico; Registrar, Mrs. Schaaf; Historian, Mrs. Pearson and Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas.

Rose Fence in Bloom.

The rose fence belonging to Miss Reitha Pease is in full bloom now and is such a beautiful sight that a number of persons from Mexico are going out to see it. The fence is made of roses of several colors.

L. M. Saunders, of the post office, is enjoying his annual vacation.

C. L. Dietz of Columbia spent Tuesday in Mexico.

To Prospective Investors

Before you place your savings in any institution—before you subscribe to any plan—before you buy any stock, bond or other security—before you make any other form of investment of any kind—

CONSIDER THESE POINTS

- Will my savings be safe?
- Has this form of investment a proven history of success behind it?
- Is the management composed of responsible, experienced, conservative people?
- Do I thoroughly understand the investment that is presented to me?

Before you invest INVESTIGATE

—Advertiser's Protective Bureau—
Protects the Advertiser and the Public

It Costs You Nothing—it may save you serious loss

NORTH MISSOURI TRUST COMPANY
HOME FOR SAVINGS

North Side Square Mexico, Missouri.

JOHNSON'S Saturday Specials

MEN'S WORK SHOES

Green Soles \$1.68 All Sizes

Buckskin Scout-style

CANDY SPECIAL 15c lb.

Fudge - assorted Vanilla and three color - Fudge

ENVELOPES 7c package

25 envelopes Linen Fabric 25 envelopes

ICE TEA TUMBLERS 6 for 50c

Tall Clear Heavy

FIREWORKS

All specially priced a bigger better line than ever.

Johnson's Variety Store

The Model Grocerteria

For FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Pure Cane Granulated Sugar - - - \$6.75

Western Preserving Sugar - - - 6.60

Look at our Western Preserving Sugar. We are keeping down the price of sugar for you and now give us some of your business.

Hen Feed per 100 lbs. - - - \$1.95

Oyster Shell, per 100 lbs., - - - 1.10

Best Hard Wheat Flour on this market

48 lb. sack, - - - 2.20

Gallon can pure Apple Butter - .75

Gallon can crushed Pineapple - .75

Gallon can Prunes - .75

Gallon can Apricots - .85

Gallon can Table Syrup - .45

Quart jar Mustard - .25

2 lbs. bulk Cocoa - .25

20 lbs. cracked Rice - 1.00

The Model Grocerteria
Jack Gelhaus, Prop.



Then she went closer to the fence and spelled out the words under the picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

keep the squatters from trespassing on his woodland, and in front of it Polly Hopkins stood. A bill poster had passed and left on the fence a picture that caught her attention.

It was a beautiful woman, her eyes saddened with tears, and she looked straight out of exquisite coloring at the wide-eyed squatter girl. In her arms was a withered, sick, little man, and Pollyop knew that somewhere over the ocean an enemy, perhaps a man like Old Marc, had hurt him. The woman held him close as she looked at Polly, and for a moment the girl's eyes stung with tears. Then she went closer to the fence and spelled out the words under the picture: "The Greatest Mother in the World."

At last she was, this protector of the hurt and the sick! The Red Cross